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ALUMNI AND FRIENDS!

The Editors of the CRITIC wish once more to appeal to the Alumni and other friends of Pinkerton to assist in supporting this, the school paper.

At a considerable expense has the publication been undertaken, in the confidence that such a paper will be supported; thus far however it has been financially a losing venture.

The management believe that you are interested in Pinkerton; they feel certain that if you felt that the success of the school paper depended on your support, that support would be generously given.

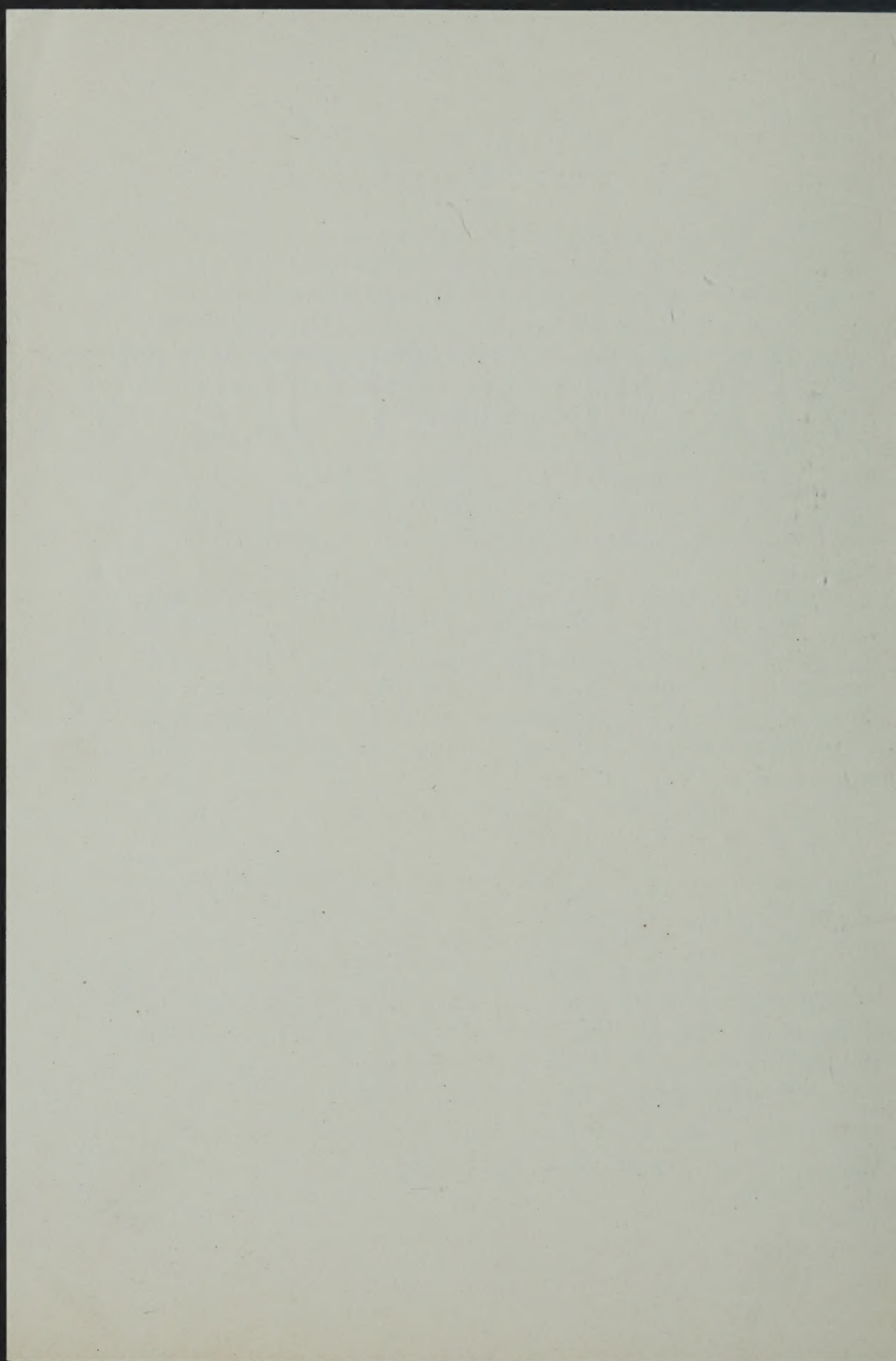
The success of the CRITIC does however depend upon the support of the Alumni and other friends of P. A. The undergraduate body alone is not large enough to assure it. Will you not put your loyalty to the Academy into practical form by sending in your subscription, if you have not already done so, together with fifty cents.

HAROLD V. ABBOTT, Bus. Mgr., Derry, N. H.

Furthermore the Editors wish to appeal to you to assist in making the CRITIC more and more your own paper. A great effort is made month by month to collect a large amount of Alumni News. You can help very much by sending in every bit of suitable news that may at any time occur to you, to either of the Alumni Editors.

MISS HARRIETT L. CHASE, Derry, N. H.

MR. FRED W. POOR, 2047 Columbus Ave., Boston.
Derry, N. H., December 20, 1905.



The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. II.

DERRY, N. H., DECEMBER 1905.

NO. II

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Pinkerton Academy,

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DERRY, N. H., 1905.

SCHOOL spirit is what makes school life pleasant. It animates the recitation room, the athletic field, the debating society, and in fact, every branch of the school in its broadest sense. The symbols of school spirit are, a school paper, school songs, school colors, motto and seal, and last, but not least effective, the school cries. We feel that school spirit is growing at Pinkerton.

We are very sure that school spirit has animated the football gridiron during the

past season, because not only have our boys been very successful in their playing, but those who did not play, both boys and girls, have manifested the greatest possible interest in their team by going to the games and cheering; by their enthusiastic celebration of victories; and by the splendid banquet which was given in honor of the football success of the season.

Now we hope that this splendid spirit will not lie dormant until the beginning of the baseball season, but will turn its energy to the good old debating society, and not only bring it to life again, but make of it a grand success. Let us, if for no longer than the winter term, have a good lively meeting once a week, such a meeting as it will be a pleasure to everyone to attend.

Pinkerton does not lack symbols of school spirit since we now have a good, rousing school song. For this we are indebted to Mr. Merriam, who not only composed the song, but helped us learn it. This is only one of many things for which we are indebted to Mr. Merriam. Ever since he came to Derry he has been one of our best friends.

To be sure we have not yet adopted a school seal, but we are making every possible effort to get a suitable one, and we trust that we shall not be without one much longer.

A Contrast of Brutus and Macbeth.

Although Brutus and Macbeth are alike in the fact that each is guilty of killing, not merely a fellow man, but a friend, and a friend who was in authority, and whose career was blameless, nevertheless, it seems to me that these two characters have nothing in common. To be sure, each seems to pride himself on his truthfulness, but their spirit was so different, that I think that can hardly be regarded as a similarity.

In the first place, the motives of the two men were entirely different. In the case of Brutus, the conspiracy was not a product of his own mind, but was suggested to him, or rather urged upon him, by others. His motive was undoubtedly unselfish, but to understand it fully, we must first understand the man. He was upright, gentle, pure, and possessed of a sensitiveness and delicacy of conscience which was very keen. He had absorbed the best philosophic principles of his day. His last act on the eve of the battle of Philippi was to call for his Plato. There was some trouble in finding it. Finally he found it himself in the pocket of his gown. That passage not only shows him a lover of Plato; it suggests that he was more of a student than politician or soldier. In fact, those few lines signify what the man is and where he ought to be. Moreover he had no gift of practical insight. That explains his strange reasoning before he made up his mind to join the conspiracy. "It must be by his death; and for my part, I know of no personal cause to spurn at him

But for the general. He would be crowned;

How that might change his nature, there's the question:"

Brutus was an ideal character, living in an ideal world of his own making, and so he was swift to do that by which he thought his country ought to be benefited.

With Macbeth it was different. It seems to me that the play clearly indicates that the murder of Duncan, was his own idea which was deepened by the Wierd sisters' prophecy and by Lady Macbeth's strong words. His motive was purely selfish—the desire to make himself king. He had none of Brutus' high ideals. He did not once attempt to reason himself into thinking that he was doing right. The only consideration which made him hesitate at all, was the fear that his crime would be discovered and punished. Unlike Brutus, he believed in immortality, but he was willing to "jump" the life to come, if only he could be sure of success in this world.

There is a calmness and precision in all that Brutus does, which is in striking contrast with Macbeth's rash disposition. After Caesar was slain Brutus did not attempt to work on the people's emotional feelings to win them, as did Antony. Brutus reasoned with the people, trying to have them see things in the light in which he saw them. Few men, I think, would try to reason with an angry mob, yet Brutus influenced them for the time being, which shows what respect the Roman people had for him. How different was his

magnanimous treatment of Antony from Macbeth's cruel treatment of Banquo! We have no evidence that Brutus ever changed his mind, and thought he had made a mistake in killing Caesar. After Macbeth had killed Duncan, he began to have an abnormal fear of everything. He suspected every one of plotting against him and imagined he saw things which no one else saw, as in the case of the air-drawn dagger, and Banquo's ghost. This may have been his conscience acting in him, but I think that if his conscience had been very keen, he would have felt more of genuine remorse. Moreover, it seems improbable that a man with a very sensitive conscience could deliberately do what he knew to be wrong. It seems to me that it was rather the old fear that vengeance would overtake him in this life, and rob him of success, that gave him these illusions, and made him kill every one who he thought could undermine his power.

How different was the attitude of these two men before the great battle which was to decide their fate! We see Brutus calmly taking council with his officers about the battle of Philippi. He receives news of his wife's death. His self control on this occasion is simply marvelous. He only says, very calmly.

"Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now."

There is no show of grief, no great demonstration, but we can read between the lines; we know how deeply he feels this loss; we know by what an effort he controls himself, when he refuses to discuss the subject, even with Cassius in private. The kindness which he shows toward the boy Lucius, even under these trying circumstances, is very noticeable.

What a contrast with all this is Macbeth before the battle of Dunsinane! He cannot trust any one enough to take council with him. We see him lonely, desperate, defiant, walking the floor of his castle, indulging in bursts of cynicism, and giving orders to everyone at once. He, too, receives news of his wife's death, but in what a careless, indifferent manner he says:

"She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such
a word."

He has become too hardened to care even for his own wife, his partner in crime. He shows no kindness toward his subordinates. He even lowers himself to address a messenger in very abusive language.

Both Brutus and Macbeth lost in their battles; both died. Brutus was mourned even by his enemies. Macbeth was spurned even by his associates and allies. and his head was exposed to the public gaze as that of a tyrant.

The First Christmas Shopping.

Several Christmases had passed over your head before that eventful one when you first had that "Christmasy" feeling, when, bubbling over with childish secrets, you hopped about on one toe and triumphantly informed everyone that you knew what you were going to give them for Christmas, at the same time declaring that you wouldn't tell for anything. You wondered why Grandpa looked so funny, but thought he must be happy thinking of the presents he was going to have.

Surely no one knew how you went shopping yesterday, not even Mama. She thought all the time that you were playing with Totty Jones. But there you were lost in that fairyland, known as the Five and Ten Cent Store, claspings in your hand the pennies you had been saving in your "piggy" bank ever since the Fourth of July. There was the fifty cents that Uncle Jack put in, and the ten cents with the little black freckle on it;—you earned that picking raspberries, and the pennies you had earned dusting the sitting-room, running errands, and brushing your teeth twice a day. There, too, was the five cents that Grandpa gave you for sitting still five whole minutes.

There it was, a whole dollar, and now what were you going to do with it? How you would like some of that candy! But no, you must get the Christmas presents first; presents for mama and papa, grandma and grandpa, aunt Sophy, uncle Abner, cousin Guy, cousin Martha, big brother Charles, and the baby; and then you mustn't on any account forget your dearest and best friend, Totty Jones. You

wandered about from one counter to another but there were so many people and everybody was so busy that you didn't know what to do, and you wondered how people bought things anyway.

Everything went all queer inside, and your throat felt tight, and then your eyes began to smart. Perhaps you cried just a little, but then you didn't care if you were six years old and knew how to read. It was enough to make almost any one cry. You had just as much right to buy things as anyone? Hadn't you saved up a whole dollar, and weren't you in that store just to spend it? Certainly you weren't the kind to go to a store just to look around and not buy. Your very soul rose up in indignation at the mere thought. Just when it seemed as though you must scream, and tell those horrid storemen what a mistake they were making, somebody took hold of your hand and was leading you away from the crowd. Before you knew how it really happened, you stood in the midst of the most beautiful dishes of all sorts, while a kind voice said, "There is more room here, little girl, and perhaps you may find something pretty to buy." You opened your lips and looked up to thank your deliverer, but nobody was there.

It was all very strange, but you did not stop to question. With all the importance you could muster, you walked up to the counter and examined everything carefully. There were some glass salt and pepper shakers with shiny tops, the very thing for mama.

"How much are these, please?"

"Ten cents apiece."

Oh dear! You thought hard for a minute. Ten cents apiece for each present except Totty's and the baby's. No, you couldn't possibly do it, nor would you give one shaker without the other. You thought again and hesitatingly asked, "Haven't you got any for five cents?" You heaved a sigh. How you hated to ask that question! But the man didn't seem to notice your embarrassment, and very pleasantly showed you some others—blue, green, red, and yellow. You decided on a pair of blue ones, the man called them turquoise blue. You didn't know what that was, but pretended you did, for fear he'd think you didn't know much. Now what could you buy for papa? Perhaps he'd like a match safe, and there was a very pretty one for ten cents. It was a little baker-man with his cap and apron on, and his sleeves rolled up, standing beside a flour-barrel. Then you selected a wonderful mustard bowl for grandpa; he was very fond of mustard with his meat. You were always having to stick pins in grandma's pin-cushion; perhaps if she had a pin-tray you'd be spared that work. Aunt Sophy, you thought, would like a glass dish for preserves so, you chose the largest and prettiest on the counter. It had great big chrysanthemums all over it. Surely it would be the very thing for her. A soapdish with pink roses on the cover for Uncle Abner was the next purchase, and a beautiful tall cut glass vase for cousin Guy followed without any hesitation on your part, for it was the very thing he needed for his desk at college. It took but a second to buy cousin Martha's. For her you bought a jelly mould; really that seemed the most useful present of all, and with the greatest satisfaction you

watched the man put it with your other belongings. Goodness! would your shopping never be done? You were beginning to get tired, and yet you wouldn't turn back for anything. The storeman began to get tired too, and so you hurried and bought a large cup and saucer for brother Charles, and a little bowl for five cents, the very thing Baby needed for her bread and milk. Totty's present was the last, and proved the most difficult to select, but finally after great indecision you picked out a very pretty vase made in the shape of a shoe. It seemed as though it had real live buttons on it and, the high heel and pointed toe were things to dream about. You shut your eyes for a moment and tried hard not to envy Totty the present. Really it was a remarkable bargain for five cents. You heaved a sigh; your last present was bought and your last piece of money was gone, for you had paid for every article as you picked it out for fear you couldn't reckon just right at the end. And now the question was: how would you ever get all your shopping home? It made a very large and heavy bundle, and you were afraid you might break something. It was as much as you could do to get both arms around it, and what were you ever going to do to get through all those people? You hesitated a moment and then a happy thought broke in upon you. You hugged the bundle tight, and turning, started to back out. You struck something hard; yes, that was the door and you turned to open it, but instead you saw a kind old gentleman beaming down upon you and exclaiming: "Why, bless me, what have we here?" He seemed to understand the situation, and in a twinkling he had you and your bundle transported to the door, and be-

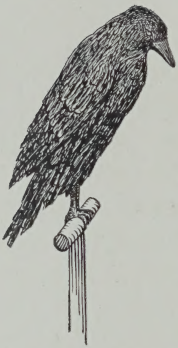
fore you knew it he was saying good bye, and at the same time tucking in your mitten a big round peppermint.

How glad you were to be started for home. You must hurry to get there before supper, but that bundle seemed to grow larger and heavier every minute. At last you reached your very own home. How softly you opened the door and crept up stairs. Nobody was in sight, and yet it seemed as though you heard some one following you; but you didn't dare turn around and really look. On you went as fast as you could, and reached

your own room. At last you and your precious presents were safe, and in a second they were tucked away in the top drawer of your own PRIVATE BUREAU, AND YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING WAS DONE.

It wasn't until years after that you found out that Aunt Sophy was the kind soul who settled you at the china counter, and had herself to blame for the rather unusual present she received that year. It was she, too, who went straight home and begged the family to keep out of sight when you returned with your numerous purchases.

The Academy Crow.



Oftentimes people have to rely on "what the little birdies tell them" for their news. We consider ourselves fortunate in having one big bird that gives very reliable information. "The Academy Crow" was one of the first contributors to the school paper. He used to take observations from a certain maple tree on the west side of the building, every day just after recess. At present he does not visit us so often as formerly, but we propose to publish our school gossip in his name as a tribute of honor to our old friend.

For several years past it has been customary for the Junior Middlers to give a Hallow'en Sociable on the Friday evening preceding Hallow'en. This year's Junior Middle Class gave a very enjoyable sociable in Academy Hall, Friday evening,

Oct. 27. Jack o'lanterns, fortune telling slips, and all the usual features of such a party were not lacking, and the evening passed very pleasantly.

The whole school, wishes to extend sympathy to the poor Senior who at present is overburdened with the guardianship of a rather frisky young Junior lassie. At the fashionable hour in the Park, (?) you may see him taking his young charge for a walk, leading her by the hand, and listening patiently to her childish prattle. We appreciate his self sacrificing spirit, and hope his duties will not prove too arduous.

Many of the students passed the evening of November 3d very pleasantly in the Ladies' Parlors of the Central Congregational Church. The Christian Endeavorers held a Ghost Party there that evening. The weird lights and the "ghostly" entertainment so affected the minds of some of the young men that one of them gave a good round sum for a

ghost that turned out to be nothing but a boy!

On the morning of November 24, Rev. Lucius Thayer of Portsmouth, N. H., gave a short talk to the students as a part of the regular devotional exercises in chapel.

Miss Villa Greeley, a former student, visited school Wednesday, Nov. 29.

Mr. Carl Forsaith, who has been absent since last spring on account of ill health, came back to school after the Thanksgiving Hoilidays. We are all very glad to see him.

Mr. Church of Lowell Textile, visited Pinkerton, Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 5, and gave the boys some good points in

basket ball. We hope that this may not be the last of Mr. Church's visits.

The Cove is a secluded nook on the shore of Beaver Lake, not far from Shepard's Grove. It is surrounded by low bending limbs, screening it from the gaze of passers-by and making it admirably suited for a tete-a-tete. Any one wishing to engage this cove for July 4, 1906, can do so by applying to the President of the '04 Class.

It is rumored that there is to be no Shakespearian play this winter. Unkind rumor! What feature of the school is more profitable or enjoyable than the annual dramatics?

The Banquet.

On Friday evening, November 17th, Pinkerton formally closed the football season by a banquet in celebration of the success of the team. The players and invited guests met at Hildreth Hall and enjoyed an excellent dinner. During the feasting, entertainment was furnished by Miss Cone '06, who read, "Mr. Dooley on Football," and by a chorus of girls who rendered a touching melody containing hits upon the members of the team as follows:

Where, oh where is Captain Gross?
Way up in the promised land.
He went up while taking vengeance—
Way up in the promised land.
Where, oh where is Vernon Raitt?
Way up in the promised land.
He went up on a sofa pillow—
Way up in the promised land.
Where, oh where is Kikie Knight?
Way up in the promised land.

He went up to dodge a tackle—
Way up in the promised land.
Where, oh where is Walter Neller?
Way up in the promised land.
He went up a-spanking signals—
Way up in the promised land.
Where, oh where is Carley Hillman?
Way up in the promised land.
He went up on argumentation—
Way up in the promised land.
Where, oh where is Johnny Clark?
Way up in the promised land.
He went up on plucky playing—
Way up in the promised land.
Where, oh where is Ray A. Clement?
Way up in the promised land.
He went up while picking apples—
Way up in the promised land.
Where, oh where is Jimmy Miltimore?
Way up in the promised land.
He went up a kicking goals—

Way up in the promised land.
 Where, oh where is Mahlon Bancroft?
 Way up in the promised land.
 He went up on a famous touch down—
 Way up in the promised land.
 Where, oh where is Freddie Corson?
 Way up in the promised land.
 He went up on a scrap with Concord—
 Way up in the promised land.
 Where, oh where is Harvey Wilson?
 Way up in the promised land.
 He went up on an invalid stretcher—
 Way up in the promised land.
 Where, oh where is Clarence Wilson?
 Way up in the promised land.
 He went up on faithful practice—
 Way up in the promised land.

After all present had done justice to the spread, the celebration began in good earnest. Mr. A. W. Reynolds, acting as toastmaster, introduced a number of speakers who in a brief but emphatic manner gave spirit to the occasion.

Mr. John C. Chase of the Trustees spoke especially of his satisfaction at the bearing of our fellows when visiting other towns. A football team cannot avoid being regarded by strangers as representing the locality from which it comes. Within recent years Derry people have been pained and shocked at certain things in the conduct of athletic teams visiting here, and such instances reflect seriously against the home towns of such visitors.

Mr. Bingham spoke of his interest in all

the efforts of the fellows, and of his pleasure at their successes. He commended the splendid enthusiasm of the school in supporting the team, and spoke of past successes in athletics and debating.

Rev. C. L. Merriam of the Trustees was introduced as "The boys' friend." He told of his great delight at the glory won on the field, and spoke especially of the thrilling incidents he had noted in the games.

Hon. Charles W. Abbott of the Trustees was called upon as one who had been won over to football by Pinkerton's teams. He expressed his pleasure at the excellent work of the eleven, and his satisfaction that P. A. had done well what she had tried to do.

Mr. F. J. Shepard told the boys how he had been thrilled and delighted at watching their games. He testified to the excellent character of Pinkerton's playing, and assured all that never had he seen an instance of foul playing by a P. A. fellow.

Mr. Connor, to whose coaching Pinkerton's success is largely due, told of his satisfaction in the work of the team, and the pleasure he had had in working with the boys.

Short and stirring speeches were then made by several of the older members of the team, after which the occasion came to an end amid rousing cheers for old Pinkerton and best wishes for her success in days to come.





Grinds



How much water will a body six feet six inches long displace, when driven through the ice on Pollards?—C. W. H.

Ask N. B. to give an illustration of inertia.

A dollar a point but well worth it.—N. H. S.

Why does a football player always cheat the barber?

After all this time; Revenge.—I. W. G.

Exhibitions of the manly art are now quite common.

We were where we were. (Ax.)—H. V. A.

Hare and Hound races become quite successful when the hares hire "Kerns and Gallowglasses" to lay a trail for them.

Rule for pronouncing French.—Talk through your nose and only pronounce half of the word.

"I cannot sing on a stiff stomach."

JR. ENGLISH.

"No, my two books were published in an earlier addition."

"The man transgressed from one country to another."

"The baby transgressed the floor."

"If you amputate a man's leg it will fall off."

"They assent the sick."

"Thus lovers part."—C. H. (from experience.)

"The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives with bearded visages."

"The Spartans were taught to bear pain by having a fox put into their coat and gnawing out their food."—Jr. Hist.

"Xerxes put to death the Hellespont."

A Translation in French II.—"Charney was sure that his heart beat."

Il y a pommes de terre,—There are apples on the ground."

"Words in the first declension are males unless they are females." Jr. Latin.

"The army was fell upon." Sr. Hist.

Great night for dear-hunting, wasn't it, Fritz?

The latest fad in spelling names: Barndoll, Badford, Buter.

"Who invented the T. D. pipe?—H. V. A.

G. W., '07 declares that "every china-man drinks opium!" He gives, too, the following translations; "unsrer Katze ist

grau." "Our cat is green."

Miss Hefner's impression of Ichabod Crâne.—"His picked nose was perched on the top of his long neck; while his feet hung a mile out of his coat sleeves."

Heard at the second Methuen game. "Oh Douglas! How you do love me!"

Teacher. "What do you know about the manufacture of wool products?"

H. W. Abbott, '09. "Well I've heard them spin yarns."

Where were the Seniors in Elocution?

Heard in Senior English.—"I haven't any handkerchief."

"He's been throwing stones at me; he threw dirt, too!"

'03 to '04. "Please pass the watermelon."

At the next '03—'04 class reunion it would be a good plan for some to bring hammocks for their private use.

Alumni Department.

A Plaintive Echo from the Long Ago.

In making the recent changes in the old academy building a weather-stained letter was found in one of the partitions, which apparently had never been sent, and in all probability had been resting for a half-century in the place where it was found. It is given verbatim et literatim, the proper names being suppressed for obvious reasons.

Derry, 9 1854.

DEAR MOTHER

I have had the tooth ach O! Mother do send a man to take me to——, ——, O! Mother if would send a man after me or come yourself write me soon please write it plane sow that I can reade it. For I Have to Get someboty to read it and I dont like to have every body reads it Mother please born it Mother after you read it. Now Mother I am ernest and you Must send a man after me you tell him that I live at —— ——— rite opposite of the —— ——— I sopose you want to ehar whay the reson is I will tell you

My father wont pay my board and I don no what to do Mr Ray has sent to My father for Money My father has not asansered 2 of his letters You must Mother or I will diy with disstress for it is more than I can bear Mother. If you dont Mother I will run away. answer this letter quirck for i want to now It almost kiled me Mother to think of the curel treatment you now Mother said when I was trubble to call uppon you Mother sow I have please excuse My writing Mother

From your only son

Grant my request Mother and I will remember it Dear Mother as long as I live Mother. Mother I am sorry to write you such a letter. Mother it is the only and last request I ever asked or ever shall asked of you Mother I wich I could describe My feelings at the time

Your only son

The writer's name appears in the register of the summer term of 1853 and the successive terms until, and including the summer term of 1854. Probably a later appeal reached "Mother," and the wished-

for messenger was sent but it is only speculation that we can indulge in.

Our Senior Alumnus.

A recent call upon Mr. Henry W. Robinson, the dean of our alumni, finds him in excellent health, and fully recovered from his illness of a year ago. Although in his 87th year he is still actively interested in business affairs, and in the winter months, while residing at the Hotel Nottingham in Boston, makes weekly trips to Brockton to attend the meetings of a bank in which he is one of the directors. He is also the president of the Brockton Fair Association, an organization that has been remarkably successful and is widely known. One can hardly realize that Mr. Robinson's connection with Pinkerton dates back nearly three-fourths of a century, he having been a pupil in 1831.

Alumni Notes.

(* denotes non-graduate, year given being last of attendance.)

*'50's Nathaniel H. Clark is the postmaster at Paxton, Mass., and his sister, Miss Lucy, is a bookkeeper in Manchester, N. H. They attended the academy at the same time.

*'52 We are sorry to hear of the serious illness of one of our oldest alumni, George Perkins, who recently suffered a paralytic shock. He has one daughter living at home, his wife having died four years ago. Mr. Perkins lives in Des Moines, Iowa, where he was engaged in the railroad business until the time of his illness.

*'60 Mr. and Mrs. Kimball Kent (Kate Dinsmore, *'60) have moved from Dorchester to Roxbury. They are both disciples of Mrs. Eddy.

'69 Mary Shepherd Danforth, M. D., is one of Manchester's leading physicians. Miss Danforth began the study of medicine under great opposition, but in spite of all this, she triumphed, graduating in '75 from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, and has since practised almost the entire time in Manchester, N. H.

Four of our trustees hold Academy diplomas, Mr. Chase ('69), Mr. Parsons ('70), Mr. Bartlett ('73), and Mr. Horne ('88).

*'83 Frank T. Bell spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Bell of Derry. Mr. Bell is in the clothing business in Bridgeport, Conn.

*'83 Benjamin F. Greer, with his wife and two sons, spent Thanksgiving day with his aunt, Mrs. Benjamin Chase. Mr. Greer has been postmaster at Grasmere, N. H., for the past eighteen years. He is also an extensive dealer in lumber.

'83 and '88 Miss Abbie Hazelton ('83) is principal of the Durell School in Somerville, Mass., and Miss Alice Hazelton ('88) is teaching in the same city.

*'86 and '90 Mr. and Mrs. Herbert G. Clark (Bessie Upton) are now living at 40 Annawan Street, Hartford, Conn. Mr. Clark is one of the city engineers.

*'87 Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Wilcomb (Addie C. Nichols *'87) and daughter Louise, have been visiting relatives in New England this fall. Mr. Wilcomb is curator of the Golden Gate Park Museum in San Francisco.

99 Mr. and Mrs. Rockwell Clough (Nellie

S. Place '99) of Alton, N. H. are in Europe for the winter.

'99 Mabel A. Richardson is to spend the winter in California, accompanying her aunt, Mrs. Berry.

'00 George P. Upton has completed his work in Hartford, Conn., and will be engaged in one of the large hotels in California for the winter.

'00 Mr. and Mrs. Edson Sellers (Annetta G. Greene *'00) are living at Pueblo, Colo., and J. Stuart Greene (*'00) is studying civil engineering in El Paso, Texas.

'02 Samuel F. Campbell is a member of the school board of Windham, N. H.

'03 Chester T. Woodbury (Dartmouth '07) is trying to make the debating team of his college, to be sent against Brown University in the near future.

'03 How about it? Is '03 to have a group picture?

'03 and '04 Everett A. Cross and Albert V. Fisher, Jr., enjoyed a two weeks trip in the Maine woods this fall. They report deer very scarce, but otherwise had good luck.

'04 Maud R. Rand is teaching in a primary school in Hanson, Mass.

*'04 The friends of Frank L. Thomas, will sympathize with him and with his wife in the loss of their baby boy,

who was born last October and lived but a few days.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Caroline Bertha Gleason to Arthur Leon Potter, (*'01) both of Everett, Mass.

Mabel Lawrence Pullen (*'98) of Newtonville, Mass., to Jerome C. McMurphy of Chicago.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 29, at Weehawken Heights, N. J., Ellis John Underhill (*'94) and Kathryn Freligh.

BIRTHS.

Derry, Oct. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Cross (*'93) of Lawrence, a daughter.

Somerville, Mass., Nov. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. William B. Hanson, (Minnie B. Clark) (*'93 and '92) a daughter.

DEATHS.

Windham, Oct. 15, Grace Davis, aged 30 years, wife of Frederick Low. (*'85)

Londonderry, Oct. 22, Charles McAllister, (*'70) aged 53 years.

Lisbon, N. H., Nov. 5, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lincoln O'Brien ('87) of Washington, D. C.

Derry, Nov. 5, Harriett Mary, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Proctor, (Sylvia N. May, *'01.)

Worcester, Mass., Nov. 7, Carmi A. Norton, (*'67)

Lawrence, Mass., Nov. 25, William H. Eastman, (*'75) aged 48 years.

Athletics.

Pinkerton 17, Concord High, 0.

Played at Alexander Park, October 11. To the great surprise of the Pinkerton

rooters and in fact of the players themselves, Pinkerton gave Concord a sound beating October 11. Bancroft was as



PINKERTON ACADEMY FOOTBALL SQUAD.

Top row: Currier, Abbott, H. Willson, F. Corson, Bancroft, Milhore, Clement, Knight, H. Corson.

Center row: Bradford, Harold Abbott, C. Willson, Clark, Hillman, Neller, Hagar.

Lower row: Reynolds, Coach Conners, Cap, Gross, Manager Shepard, Raitt.

usual the star performer. Whenever the ball was given to him he made his distance. Three times did he cross Concord's goal line. J. Clark also made some fine tackles and got in a nice little run on a fumble. Pinkerton's goal line was never in danger.

The line up.

PINKERTON

Knight, le
Wilson, lt
H. Wilson, lg
Hillman, c
Clement, rg
Clark, rt
Corson, re
Neller, qb
Miltimore, llb
Gross, rlb
Bancroft, lb

CONCORD

re, Dennen
rt, Morgan
rg, Swenson
c, Brown
lg, Baker
lt, Spaulding
le, Frohock
qb, King and Ahern
rlb, Heath
llb, Holland
fb, Stevens

Score—Pinkerton, 17; Concord, 0. Touchdowns—Bancroft 3. Goals from touchdowns—Miltimore, 2. Umpire—A. W. Reynolds. Referee—Joseph Conners. Linesmen—David Adams and Arthur Nichols. Timekeeper—Fritz Shepard. Time—Two 15 minute periods.

Pinkerton 4, Nashua High, 0.

Played at Lawndale, October 28. In one of the hardest fought games of the season Pinkerton defeated Nashua High for the second time. In the first half Nashua brought the ball to within eighteen inches of Pinkerton's goal line only to lose it on downs. During this half Corson came very near getting a touchdown, having but one man between him and Nashua's goal, but this man tackled him. The half ended without either team having scored.

In the next half it was the same way. One team would carry the ball a short distance and then lose it on downs and vice versa. The only exception to this was Knight's end run for twenty-five yards. The game went on without either team appearing to have the advantage

until Neller, the Pinkerton quarterback, knowing that there were only a few seconds to play, signalled for Miltimore to drop back from his position at left guard and attempt a place kick. The whistle blew, announcing that time was up, just as the ball left the toe of Miltimore's shoe. But the game was not over as long as the ball was in motion and the Pinkerton rooters were anxiously watching the ball. To their relief the ball went squarely between the posts and the game was won.

The line up.

PINKERTON.

Knight, le
C. Wilson, lt
Miltimore, lg
Hillman, c
Clement, rg
Clark, rt
Corson, re
Neller, qb
H. Wilson, llb
Gross, rlb
Bancroft, lb

NASHUA.

re, Rogers
rt, Dowd
rg, Wheeler
c, Small
lg, Lonergan
lt, Pierce
le, Whitney
qb, Cyr
rlb, Reed
llb, Sughrue (Whitney)
fb, Spence

Score—Pinkerton, 4; Nashua H. S., 0. Goal from place kick—Miltimore. Referee—Joseph Connor. Umpire—O'Grady. Linesmen—Hall, West, Griswold. Timers—A. W. Reynolds, J. Pushee. Time—Two 15 minute halves.

Pinkerton 30, Sanborn 0.

Played at Kingston, November 4. The Pinkerton boys had been "laying" for their rival, Sanborn Seminary, all the fall and when on November 11, they found themselves lined up against her once more they were determined to wipe out the disgrace of the four defeats which they had suffered from the Sanborn lads.

In the first half, the Academy boys had no difficulty in scoring two touchdowns from which two goals were kicked, thus making the score at the end of the first half, stand 12 to 0, in favor of Pinkerton.

In the next half Pinkerton had little difficulty in securing three more touch downs from all of which goals were kicked. Pinkerton could easily have made another touch down had the quarter back not tried to get the ball near the goal in order to make it easier to get the goal. There is no doubt that he would have succeeded in his plan had not one of the backs got mixed in his signals.

The features of the game were the playing of Bancroft, the tackling of Raitt, and the work of the Sanborn backs. Kemp, the Sanborn quarter, was especially noticeable for good playing.

The line up.

PINKERTON.	SANBORN.
Knight (Abbott), le	re, Tucker
C. Wilson, lt	rt, Carr
Miltimore, lg	rg, Palmer
Hillman, c	c, Collins
Clement, rg	lg, French
Clark (Hager), rt	lt, Lloyd
Corson (Raitt), re	le, Ladd (Judkins)
	(Cheney)
Neller, qb	qb, Kemp
H. Wilson, lhb	rhb, Currier
Gross, rhb	lhb, Burril
Bancroft, fb	fb, Tenney

Score—Pinkerton 30; Sanborn 0: Touchdowns—Bancroft 4, Corson: Goals from Touchdowns—Miltimore 5. Referee—A. W. Reynolds of Pinkerton. Umpire—Mr. Hess of Sanborn. Linesmen—H. West, P. A. and Currier, S. S. Timers—F. Shepard of P. A. and Dr. Kemp of S. S. Time—20 minute halves.

Pinkerton 39, Sanborn, 0.

Played at Alexander Park, November 11. Before one of the largest crowds that witnessed a Pinkerton foot ball game this season, Pinkerton won the last game of the season and the second of the series with Sanborn.

The game was all in favor of Pinkerton,

as the opponents were so weak on defense they could do nothing to check the Pinkerton backs once they got started. In the first half Pinkerton made four touch-downs from which two goals were kicked, thus making the score stand at the end of the half, Pinkerton 22, Sanborn 0.

Bancroft opened the second half very favorably for Pinkerton for in the very first play he ran 75 yards for a touch down. Sanborn then took a brace and held Pinkerton down so well that the academy boys could only score two more touch downs.

The features of the game were Bancroft's great touch down, Neller's 20-yd run, H. Wilson's punting, and the way Bancroft assisted J. Clark to make a touch down. For Sanborn, the backs were the best performers; Kemp run his team well, and tackled Bancroft once in fine style.

The line up.

PINKERTON.	SANBORN.
Raitt, le	re, Cheney
C. Wilson, lt	lt, Carr
Miltimore, lg	rg, Palmer
Hillman, c	c, Tucker
Clement, rg	lg, French
Clark, rt	lt, Lloyd
Corson, re	le Currier
Neller, qb	qb, Kemp
H. Wilson, lhb	rhb, Tenney
Gross, rhb	lhb, Burrill
Bancroft, fb	fb, Collins

Score—Pinkerton, 39; Sanborn, 0. Touchdowns—Gross 2, Bancroft 3, Clark, H. Wilson. Goals—Miltimore 4. Timers—Z. W. Kemp and M. H. Ayer. Umpire—J. H. Hess. Referee—A. W. Reynolds. Linesmen—C. H. Gardner and H. M. West. Time—20-minute halves.

We owe our success in football this fall to the efficient coaching which we have received from Joseph Connor of Manchester. Mr. Connor is a graduate of Philips Exeter, and while there made a name for himself in football and track athletics.

Let us hope that we shall be able to have Mr. Connor coach next year's team. If he does come back he will have the following members of this year's team: Raitt and Abbott, ends; J. Clark, C. Wilson, Hager and H. Corson, guards; Knight, sub. quarter; H. Wilson and F. Corson, half-backs.

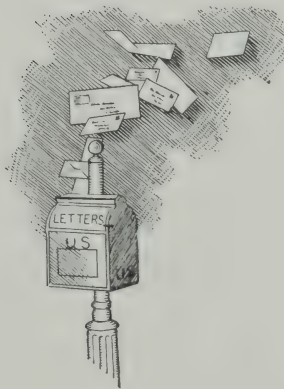
The class of '06 has done its duty toward furnishing material for this year's football squad. Out of the eight boys in the class, seven played on the team, and the other fellow was a member of the squad.

Pinkerton has had six athletic contests with Sanborn Seminary in the last two years, four football games and two baseball games. There are two boys in each school who have participated in every one of these contests. These boys are H. Wilson and Miltimore of Pinkerton, and Mahlon Currier and Burrill of Sanborn.

At the last Sanborn game, two representatives of the two schools met and had an informal talk on an athletic agreement between Pinkerton and Sanborn. It was agreed to meet early next term and draw up the articles. It was suggested that these articles call for two baseball games, a track meet and a football game each year. We believe that this would be a step in the right direction. The two schools are alike in many ways and it would be of advantage to each to meet in athletic contests each year.

Remember the P. A. A. fair, the last night of school this term.

H. Wilson has been elected captain of next year's football team, and Shepard was re-elected manager. Other recent elections are: H. Wilson captain and Knight manager, of the basket ball team, and Hillman captain and Miltimore manager of the track team.



Exchanges.



We are only too glad to welcome our former exchanges and also the addition of several new ones. There is always a pleasure in meeting new faces and making new friends. In the same way it is a delight

and a help to come in contact with new school papers. The exchanges as a whole are much better than they were last year. It is often the case that a fresh start will add zest and enthusiasm to our work. So

in this coming year of achievement the editors of the CRITIC wish success to all their fellow laborers in the common endeavor to make the school paper amount to something. "What is worth doing, is worth doing well." We must not expect to make our papers perfect in a minute. It takes time, thought, and experience to achieve that end.

The first exchange which commands our special attention is the Concord High School *Volunteer*. It is quite a good plan to have "The Muse" visit the Senior class. We wish we could encourage her to come and visit Pinkerton Academy. The paper is well arranged, but more space could be devoted to stories. The CRITIC wishes to correct the false impression which the *Volunteer* would give regarding the football game in which Pinkerton overwhelmingly defeated Concord at Derry, October 25. The *Volunteer* speaks of the team that played as "a football eleven representing the Concord High School, but largely made up of substitutes and without Captain Ahern." According to the *Volunteer's* own report of the line-up no less than seven of the men were the same as those that played against Manchester the preceding week, and these, together with Captain Ahern, who did play at Derry during the second half, make eight of what must have been the regular team. Eight of the men were also the same players who defeated Pinkerton in the first game at Concord, September 30. Pinkerton won this game solely on her merits, outplaying Concord in every regard, and it is only fair to award credit where credit is due. If Concord sent to Derry a team composed partly of substitutes, she has only herself to blame for the drubbing she received.

The spirit backing up the *Tatler* of the Nashua High School is good. The cover to your paper we notice is the same as before. If time should ever hang lightly on your shoulders you might improve it. The cover of an exchange is like a picture frame. It either cheapens or beautifies what it contains. Poor "Hiram Jenks" from his diary conveys the impression that he was sadly disappointed over the outcome of the "Durky and Naston" foot-ball games.

The *Review* from Lowell High is of a high order in many respects. The headings are especially note-worthy. The cartoons in the November number were very amusing.

Here is the *Quarterly Tatler* from New York again! Your December number is one of the best ever received. Such a paper is most certainly a credit to your school.

The *Sagamore* from Brookline had a very attractive commencement number. But is it wise to devote so large a portion of your paper to athletics?

The *Breccia* is a new exchange and the CRITIC immediately profited by a suggestion made in one of its editorials. We now have in the hall a box wherein bashful writers, who tremble to consult the editor may secretly deposit their contributions.

Welcome, welcome, *Sanborn Echo*. Pinkerton is always delighted to hear from her rival school. Your paper is as well edited as last year. A few cuts would not be amiss. They help to make the paper more interesting.

The commencement number of the Coburn *Clarion* has this statement. "The *Aegis* and several other papers are publishing stories written by the alumni. Is not

this an example to be followed." It seems to the CRITIC that it is not the wisest policy. We have published in our paper a few essays by former students, but do not intend to continue it. The school paper is supposed to be supported by the scholars and carried on for their benefit. To fill the paper with the talent of the past scholars deprives those from training and experience to whom it rightfully belongs. Live up to the present material in your school not the past. This is a point wherein many of our school papers fail.

The *Oracle* from Manchester High comes within the limits of the CRITIC's idea of a school paper. You print articles really interesting and worth a person's reading

The Siberian sketch "Homesickness" is exceptionally fine. "I Go Roller Skating" is very amusing and well written. Your heading for gossip is very suggestive.

The *Distaff* from Boston is too large a paper. Put your material in smaller compass. You have a good supply of reading matter. The suggestion in your exchange column of the November *Distaff* regarding the necessity of a table of contents is particularly good.

Other exchanges received *The Bugle*, *Country Time and Tide*, *The Tiltonian*, Phillips High School *Review*, the Colby Academy *Voice*, the *Advance* and the *Academian*.

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